The Bystander, July 19, 1916.—No. 659. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

"HOME ON LEAVE"

Lady Loughborough, of whom this is the latest and most captivating portrait, is home from Egypt, where she has been nursing the wounded. She was married in Cairo six months ago to Lord Loughborough, eldest son of the Earl of Rosslyn

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

A Push for Pessimists

IT looks as though among the classes which will have to forego holidays are the pessimists. These gentlemen will need to work frightfully hard to find anything to be pessimistic over at the present moment. Since last week all doubts as to the efficacy of the "Somme Push" have been thunderously set at rest by Sir Douglas Haig and his legions, who have written their name in characters of indestructible iron across the pages of history.

❋ ❋

Which Battle of Mons?

WE touch wood lightly as we write—for great offensives are never so offensively great as the imagination paints them—but the map as newly marked last week looks an attractive document indeed. One sees arrows converging from three points, and their meeting-place bears an historic name in British annals. When, in the days to come, a man speaks of the Battle of Mons, he may be asked which one—the first or the last? The retreat or——?

❋ ❋

What Everybody's Asking

MEANWHILE, while all goes well in the West and the Russian East, everybody is asking what's up in the near and middle ditto. Firstly, what *are* we doing at Salonica? We have been there now for eight months, and if we were there in sufficient force to hold up the Austro-Bulgar-Germans combined, are we not strong enough to take the offensive against the Bulgars now that they appear to be all alone? Any danger from the Greeks ought to be finally at rest, and have we not with us the restored and renovated armies of the Serbs, passionately eager to be led back in triumph to their homeland? Why is no move made from Salonica? All Europe and America is asking the question. Let us hope that the answer will be as emphatic as the reply to the oft-repeated question, "What is Haig doing?"

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Muddle in Mesopotamia

THE other point is Mesopotamia. The reports of negligence and incapacity *since the terrible lesson of Kut* make the blood boil. If there were a case for impeachment, on account of what preceded the retreat from Bagdad and the fall of Kut, there is a case for something infinitely worse on account of any muddles that have taken place since. The public expects officials to blunder; it half believes it pays them so to do. But it does not expect the same people to make the same blunders more than once, especially where the lives of our precious soldiers are concerned.

❋ ❋

Mr. Churchill and His Cabinet Colleagues

IN the second of his Sunday articles Mr. Churchill lets us into the Cabinet Chamber, and shows us the dramatic scene when the assembled Ministers first realised that war was coming. It was on July 24, 1914, and it was the reading by the Foreign Secretary of the terms of the Austrian ultimatum that caused the Cabinet to see the way of the wind. It is good of Mr. Churchill to let us know what we all along suspected—that the war took the "very wise men" of the Cabinet by surprise, and was foreseen only by the "very foolish" ones. Very modestly, we take our place with the latter. In the depths of its own particular asininity THE BYSTANDER foretold the imminence of war just three days before that "fateful" Cabinet, whose sole preoccupation, before the Foreign Secretary rose, was the Irish business. The information on which we gave our tip was ten days old at least, which the Wise Ones could have got as easily as ourselves had they been a little less "wise." Wanted Immediately: A Cabinet of "Fools."

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"Stunned!"

THE priceless revelation by Mr. Churchill is, however, contained in the statement that (1) "as the certainty of war grew stronger, the struggle of honest opinion in the Cabinet became more intense," and (2) "the Cabinet was stunned into agreement by the Belgian crime, and the Fleet was ready." Humph! So Britain embarked on the greatest war of her history under the ægis of a "stunned" Cabinet! Of the "struggling" ones, only three were "honest" enough to resign. The others—the Birrells, Harcourts, McKinnon Woods, Simons, Samuels, Hobhouses, Peases, etc., etc.,—all stuck to their posts, a Cabinet of Casabiancas. And the public wondered why we didn't seem to be winning the war!

❋ ❋

The Nation's Debt to Two Men

SINCE that there has been the great change. The Coalition has come. But out of it came the one man who, during the "struggling" week, was sufficiently alive to events to get the Navy ready, and was stunning rather than stunned. Whatever there may be to be said about Gallipoli, the nation has always to remember its debt to Mr. Churchill and Prince Louis. While others struggled they mobilised. And that is what settled the ultimate fate of the war from the first.

❋ ❋

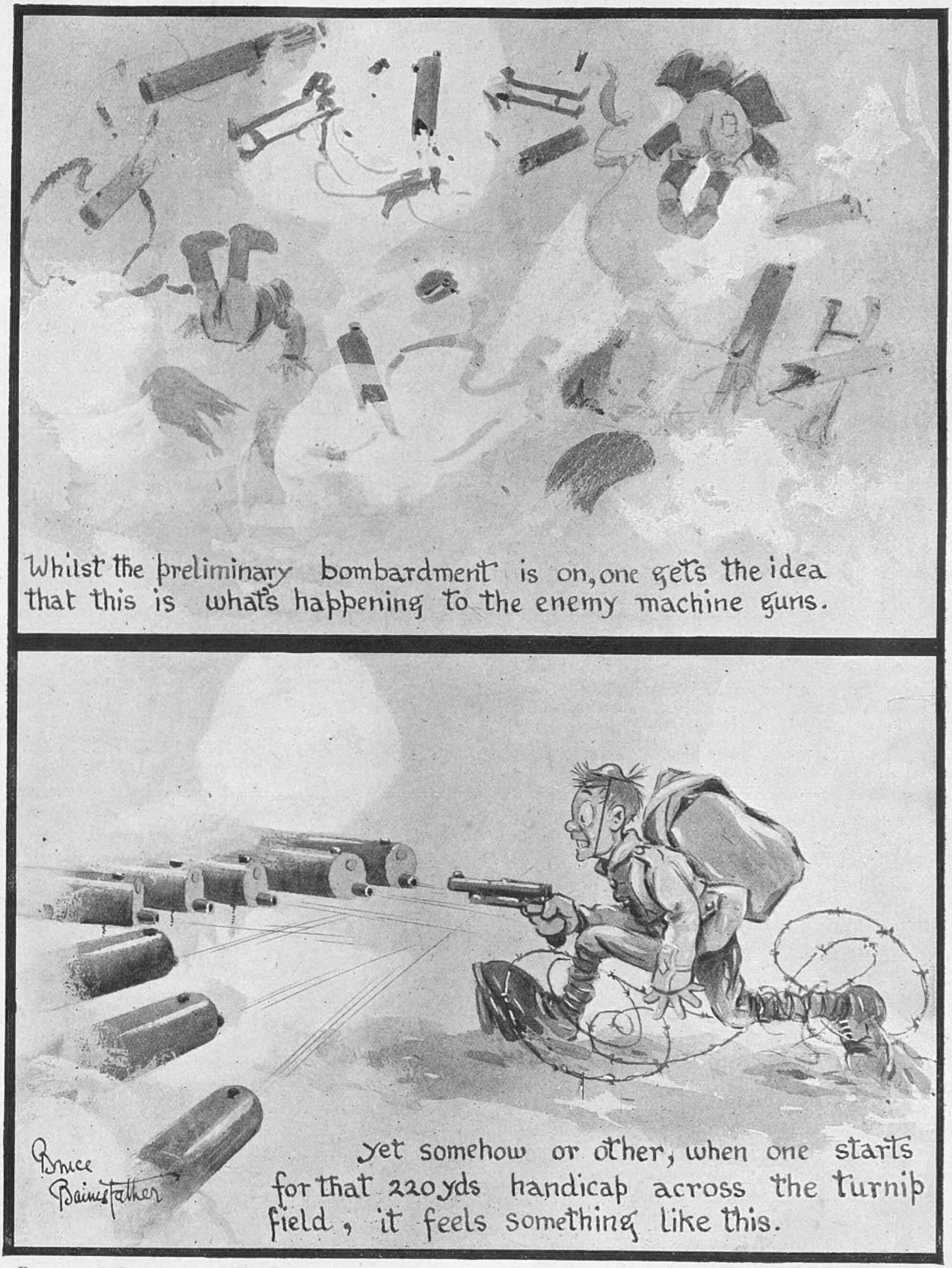
Reported Missing

WE greatly regretted to see in last Thursday's Roll of Honour the name of Second-Lieut. C. E. B. Bernard, West Yorkshire Regiment, among those of officers reported "Missing." We hope soon to have more definite and better news of Lieut. Bernard, whom our readers will recollect as a contributor of many clever cartoons to our pages.

(*Continued on page 95*)

"MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Offensive—What It Looks Like—



PASSED BY CENSOR

—And What It Feels Like

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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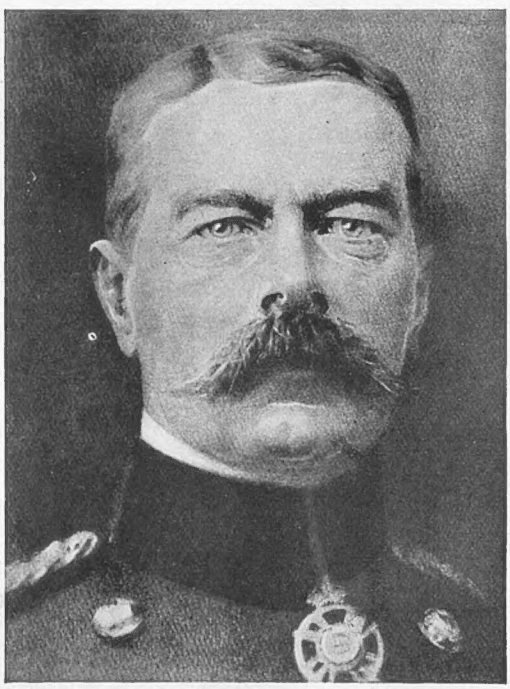

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

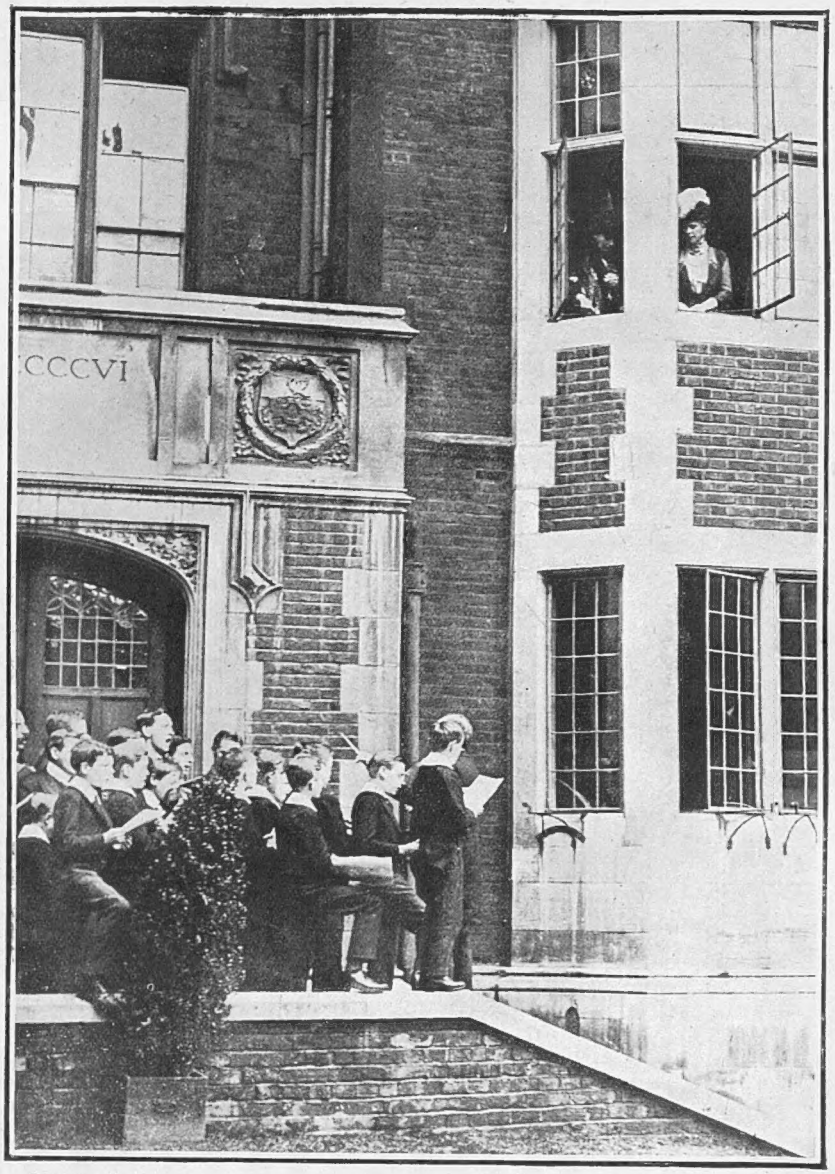
"Didn't Know"

FROM Lord St. Leonards downwards, lawyers have always incurred the reproach of not understanding their own business so far as it concerned their own private affairs. Even the colossal sums that Sir F. E. Smith is reputed to have made at the Bar during the last few years might have been rather deeply dug into if a kindly House of Commons, with that air of amused leniency which it shows to its favourites, had not absolved him from paying the £140,000 worth of penalties which he had incurred by sitting and voting ever since he

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Opening a Babies' Hostel at St. George's Square, Primrose Hill

was made Attorney-General eight months ago. He had overlooked the slight formality of seeking re-election on taking office. Just an oversight, of course! Nobody was brave enough to support the two intrepid members who insisted on taking a division with a view to making Sir F. E. Smith shell out. But what a chance he has lost of rendering himself immortal by actually paying for the war out of his own pocket for nearly three-quarters of an hour!



Photograph *Topical*

THE TEMPLE FÊTE

The King and Queen listening to the famous choir of the Temple Church singing at the Fête held for the Red Cross in the Middle Temple Hall and Gardens last week

THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF SANDWICH

Lord Sandwich, well known as Mr. George Montagu, M.P., has lately succeeded to the Earldom. Lady Sandwich was before her marriage Miss Alberta Sturges of New York, and they have three charming children, two boys and a girl

Truth Will Out

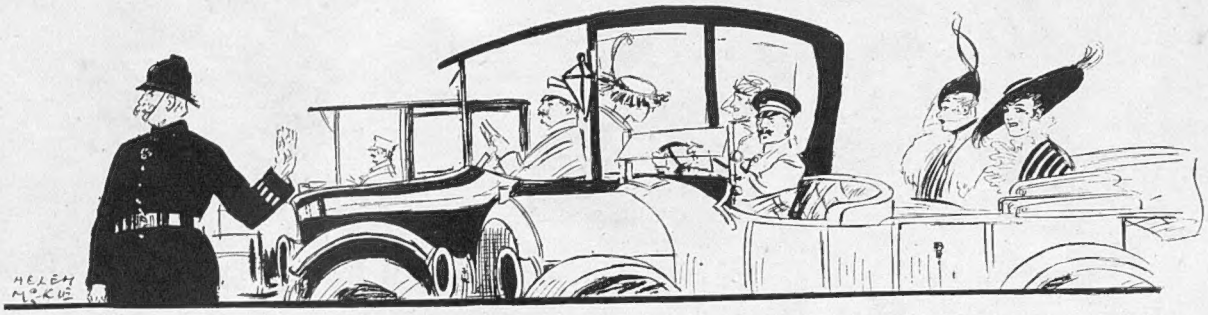
HAPPY man, 2nd Lieut. McCubbin, R.F.C.! Not only does he succeed in bringing down the very best of the German airmen, Immelmann—a bit of work which everyone of our flying men will envy him exceedingly—but the secret of his identity, eventually disclosed by means of question and answer in the House of Commons, has given him ten times the *réclame* he would have had if his name had simply been mentioned at the outset. The whole story will give the historian of the future an interesting sidelight on how the methods of the Censorship sometimes fail.

Revue—in Regent's Park

Miss McKie's lively sketches delineate some of the amusing scenes at the Theatrical Garden Party in the Botanical Gardens last week, when many of the chief theatrical celebrities of both sexes assembled for what is, to them, one of the principal events of the year

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"



"Big policemen to marshal the mass of marvellous motors"

LONDON, *July* 17, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

I'VE been week-ending on the river, and——dear me, but how *amusingly* England goes to war, doesn't she? All this talk about economy and living more quietly and all that—just talk, it seems. For the most famous town on our famous little river was very nearly just the same as ever, and sometimes even more so.

⁂ ⁂

THERE was khaki, of course, and also, just now and again, the blue uniform and the dragging step and the worn face of the wounded. But in High Street on Saturday morning it took quite lots of large policemen to marshal the mass of marvellous motors, and even then there was a fearful binge. And as for food economy, from their white-lined limousines the plump and corn or henna-haired ladies seemed ordering more lavishly than ever the necessary chickens and salmon and peaches and things.

"What is a Night Club?"

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, extraordinary, isn't it, how appallingly soon this class of person gets *well-fed* looking? Positively one felt fairly swimming in regular vistas of *crêpe de Chine* and rose powder and frightfully expensive scent and perfectly wonderfully corsetted "heaving bosoms"—I read a book by a man-novelist the other day in which, yes, they were *still* called that. And there was one moment of quite tremendous enlightenment.

⁂ ⁂

AN extra priceless one—car, I mean—had a bit of a collision with a tiny governess-cart that looked quite absurdly cheap and simple, and must have got there by accident. One of the Rolls-Royce's doors somehow happened to swing open, and there was revealed to all beholders the prettiest war-time sight of all—seats, floor, everything packed tight with—*tins of motor-spirit!*

⁂ ⁂

ON the river it isn't so crowded, certainly, but I think that's perhaps because it's not so fashionable and there aren't so many men available, not because there's a war. There isn't any "night club" any more, which is sad—the populace is left with nothing to gape at, and the revue, etc., ladies with one place less to display themselves in.

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, what very horrid knocks those "cheery" institutions did get in the Courts at a "German Spy" libel case the other day. One gentleman nearly swooned with shame at the mere suggestion that he'd taken a lady friend to one of them, and I suppose what you say in court is privileged, but all the same I didn't know you *could* be *quite* so frank. Of course, the presiding Judge started it with "What *is* a night club?" and "Is Murray's like Hampstead Heath?" But that sort of thing's almost compulsory on judges, isn't it, the really funny ones, anyway?

⁂ ⁂

BUT about the river—there are most of the other familiar features, if not quite so many of them. The most exquisite launches of all still carry only a complement of three—the man who drives and the lovely lady and her "boy." And just by way of contrast I think they're a bigger shock than ever, the huge excursion steamers. For now they carry munition-workers, and the real munition-worker when he really relaxes is, you know, very, very. . . . Brandy bottles protrude from innumerable pockets, the litter of lettuce leaves is limitless—to the simple mind I suppose mere scenery, which, like the stars, is always silent, needs some helping out.

(Continued on page 98)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 97)

A WORLD of contrasts, isn't it? Brighton any bright Sunday morning is also an interesting study. It's there, you know, that they're sending great numbers of our most maimed soldiers, the men who've lost legs or arms, and some their sight. And it's there, too, that the opulent daughters of Israel foregather and the musical comedy crowd, and the revue chorus take their Sunday "rest"—whenever they can get someone to pay for it. So fuller than ever are the great hotels, more crowded than ever the luncheon-rooms, and longer the line of waiting motor-cars. On one side youth and health and wealth. On the other youth, perhaps, but not health any more and amazingly little wealth, however well—or ill—we pension our broken fighting men.

"Rushed at and almost cuddled by . . girls"

⁂ ⁂

I SUPPOSE these things must be in what Voltaire's Candide so rashly called "this best of all possible worlds." In war-time, though, they're apt to contrast a little too sharply—anyway in "a great and heroic nation, engaged in a mortal struggle for an exalted ideal." But apropos there's to be a big Women's War Procession here this week, and I see it's "to give expression to women's feelings on the need of a greater national war effort and war-service for women in munition factories," as well as to make a protest against *quite* so many free and unfettered enemy aliens going unhampered in our midst.

⁂ ⁂

REMINDS me, it's a woman who writes to me from one of our great East Coast garrison and naval bases asking if she may pass on my words about female slackers to the "local rag" there. "It might help to get rid of the middle-class ladies who instead of realising how patriotic and useful we could and ought to be at the present juncture, spend their days in eye-service as men-pleasers. They make me, a soldier's wife, ashamed of belonging to the same sex, these truly terrible specimens who spend their time playing lawn tennis and 'amusing' young subalterns.

⁂ ⁂

"I DON'T forget my own frivolous youth, but I'm sure I should have realised, even then, that nowadays every woman can help materially in her country's needs. Of course, our boys must frivol, to keep them from becoming fed-up with this continual training. But all the same, it's not altogether enjoyable to be rushed at and almost cuddled by bevies of girls who should know better. They ought to realise their responsibilities rather than make dead sets at the pockets and the good nature of our Army boys."

"It's there they're sending our most maimed soldiers"

⁂ ⁂

YOU know what I think about all the female slackers—if *I* ran the war I'd conscript all the do-nothing women just as soon as all the lots-to-do men. But, oh! dear, there *would* be a squealing, wouldn't there, for, of course, they all *think* they're useful like the young woman who "nearly kills herself selling flags"? I won't enlarge on the subject, because if I do I'm sure to get letters of the my-*dear*-old-thing-why-so-serious kind.

⁂ ⁂

"YOU seem a little depressed, Blanche," writes "A Regular" who'd been reading my plaints about the shortage of men now the Military Service Act was working. "Please don't be sad. Aren't any of the poor old soldiers who've *done* their whack good enough? Next time you feel like that just drop down to Aldershot and have tea or dinner with us, and we'll try and cheer you up. Promise. P.S.—I'm not *really* one of the *very* old kind, with whiskers and a cough, you know."

⁂ ⁂

IT'S a pretty safe invitation as he signs himself only "An Admirer." I should have a busy time if I went round Aldershot collecting *all* those who'd like to cheer me up, shouldn't I? But it's very sweet and dear of him, of course, and if anything, you know, I think I almost *prefer* the ones who've "done their whack." They don't think war's a joke like some of those who haven't.

⁂ ⁂

AND as for being depressed, I'm not, really, but I do like things to be in the picture. I mean, I'm not sure whether I don't think Paris, for instance, is seeing the war through, perhaps, rather more—well, gracefully than we are. A man just over from there tells me you can have a theatre to yourself if you want it. He spent the evening he arrived in London trying in vain to get a couple of seats at any one of our "cheerfuller" ones, and just couldn't believe true the crush at the restaurants or a walk he'd had down Oxford Street, where he got caught in a wild welter of women who were war-time sale shopping.

(Continued on page 100)

A Charming War-Bride

Photograph *Swaine*

Mrs. Guy Westmacott, who, before her marriage on July 10, was the Hon. Edith Winn, only daughter of Lord and Lady St. Oswald. Her husband, who is an officer in the Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Major-General Sir Richard Westmacott, K.C.B., and Lady Westmacott

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 98)

CAN'T help thinking that if we *all* pulled our weight instead of letting such lots pull rather more than theirs we might get the thing done better, anyway, if not quicker. Thousands of ways of *doing* the pulling, of course, sometimes by just *not* fighting, like a man who writes to me from Brazil. "I'm short of an arm, so though I'm a bit of a motor-driver and mechanic and can hunt and shoot and play the piano and tennis, of course they won't have me, so I thought the next best thing was to come out here and release a man with two arms to go and fight.

❋ ❋

"OF course, I feel horribly out of it. My brothers and cousins and uncles galore are at the Front, and I'd love to be. It isn't exactly exciting here, a thousand miles into the tropical interior of Brazil and only one other Englishman within three or four hundred miles." He asks me to anything I like, "dinner, theatre, supper, or lunch, in, say, two years, as I shan't be home till then." Which, I think, I can safely accept, don't you? I never knew a man who wanted the same girl to lunch, dine, etc., with him ever as he wanted two years before.

❋ ❋

BUT it's rash, I know, to trust too much to the safety of—distance. One in the Sudan, whose kind invitation I sort of accepted, it seemed such a long way away, writes to say he's shortly putting in for a little leave "on urgent private affairs, *i.e.*, to dine in London with Blanche? Do you think the authorities will think it sufficiently urgent to grant it?" And he says, when the strafing's over, I must come and see the Sudan. "You'd love it, I'm sure—the moon on the Nile with the shadows of the palm-trees reflected in the water is wonderful, and makes the most cynical of cynics sentimental."

❋ ❋

"THERE'S only one amusement out here," says a Major, "and that's catching sharks, and my subalterns, having put their heads together, have now drawn lots, and one of their number is to go round and collect babies from local villages and ground-bait the spot. When the rest of us arrive we're to throw in drag-ropes from the guns and snaffle the prey.

❋ ❋

"I HARDLY think it'll come off as there's a distinct scarcity of babies here, war or other sort. Besides—the Government might ask awkward questions. You know, this sort of thing in the House. '*Question*: To ask Mr. A. whether on a certain date at —— in —— certain officers of the —— purchased certain babies for the purpose of ground-baiting for sharks at ——! *Answer*: It would not be in the public interest to give any reply.'"

❋ ❋

APROPOS, the P.-M.'s been in his element reconstructing his Cabinet, and we're getting used to the "Little Welsh Attorney" as War Minister and successor to the only "K.," though I must say it has seemed funny. They *say* they don't, but, of course, the Ministers all love this General Post, you know. Variety's the spice of life, in jobs as well as girls, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,
BLANCHE

FAIR REPRESENTATIVES

Of the Stage setting out to sell programmes at the Theatrical Garden Party in the Botanical Gardens. In the theatre they charm the eye: here, in addition to that, they charmed the money out of our pockets

The Latest Viennese Valse

MUSIC BY THE (VERY) BLUE HUNGARIAN BAND

The First

Official Photographs

1. THE WORCESTERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BATTLE

2. THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS FIXING BAYONETS, READY FOR ACTION

# of July, 1916

3. THE DELIVERY OF THE ASSAULT IN THE EARLY MORNING OF JULY 1

4. THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE ATTACK, IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY

Why Not "A Push" at Home?

SOME THINGS THAT REALLY WANT DOING

Let us make a habit of "pushing." All sorts of people need it. And there is often amusement in it. It is, of course, a tragic blunder to "push" stupid people. They should be left oozing in their own mud. Nuisances and bores also should be carefully avoided. Old gentlemen in club chairs should remain there. In their intervals of drowsing let them grumble to one another. But whatever you do don't "push" them. They only discover their ailments or their prejudices. Gout in the toe may be painful, but cramp in the mind is the very plague. No one should be "pushed" who cannot successfully "push" someone else.

—•••—

There are our Right Honourable "Ifs" and "Buts" who make up the Cabinet. They certainly want "pushing" individually and collectively. In the old days when they were in two camps they were quite energetic in "pushing" one another. We called the game politics, and the country sometimes got something when the politicians were tired. Now the country is tired, and the politicians are getting quite a lot.

—•••—

"Push" in politics would be fascinating. It might bring us to within touching distance of statecraft. Or it might give us fresh politicians who were *not* tired, and then we should be worse off than ever. Mr. Lloyd George is full of "push," and so is Lord Northcliffe. We find the *Daily Mail* everywhere, and Mr. George all over it. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, conserves his energies, and only pushes off for his week-end rest. Still, if instead of blaming the politicians we got a move on ourselves we should vastly improve our position.

—•••—

Now what of our business men? What *of* them? Are *they* "pushing"? Don't you believe it? Trade is their mainstay, and they are waiting patiently with folded hands to see what the politicians will do for them. And the politicians are doing nothing. Some weeks have sped since the Paris Conference, and the only nation that is not obviously preparing for after-war conditions is Great Britain—who prepares for nothing. If our business men had "push" they would get what they want. But they don't even know what they do want, and they will probably only begin thinking of it when they have got what they don't want.

—•••—

Tariffs of sorts are now inevitable, and that is probably why we shall not get them when we need them most. The people who opposed them have "downed tools," and the people who fought for them are so utterly charmed with the behaviour of their opponents that they think it is ungentlemanly to garner the crop of victory. A Coalition may be an admirable help for manners, but it plays the very deuce with progress. Mr. Bonar Law is Mr. Asquith's echo, and even Sir Edward Carson coos with Mr. Redmond. The enjoyment of office takes the edge off endeavour and flings sincerity on the dissecting table.

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This brings me back to the Business Men, who are proclaimed as being the only possible saviours of the country. What are they doing? They are damning the politicians and sedulously aping their methods. They are forming a flock of committees. It was not by committees that they built up their undertakings. The bold, firm action of single men gave us our great trading concerns. It is a strong man or two that we need and not little groups of fussy third-raters who compromise in crowds and divide responsibility among a battalion. If business men *mean* business they will "push," and even the politicians would move then.

—•••—

The gentlemen of forty-five are "pushing." They are in uniform and are becoming quite healthy. But all the "push" in the world cannot give youth to middle-age. Surely these gentlemen of matured judgment and knowledge of affairs might give higher service to the State. It is not on the road that they should spend the hours they so patriotically surrender, but in Government offices. If they "took over" these in relays and managed the staffs we should have administration on business lines long before the war is over.

—•••—

All sorts of other people have been "pushing." Some have got gaol for it, and serve them right. Bogus charity-mongers have been "pushing" very hard, and it is only now after many millions have been subscribed that Scotland Yard is getting really busy. Several months have passed since The Bystander urged the need for the registration of charities and a careful official scrutiny of accounts. Even now the public are but ill-protected. The splendid generosity of the nation deserved better treatment than this.

—•••—

Sir Frederick Milner is still pleading for fair treatment for men who are discharged owing to wounds, and Mr. Hodge is appealing for pensions instead of pittances. There is need for real "push" here. It is all very pretty to mouth about our deep gratitude to our fighting men. Why don't we show it? Before ever a wounded soldier returned arrangements should have been made to pay *that* bill so far as we ever can pay it.

—•••—

Of course, the man of "push" has the world against him. He must be girt with enthusiasm and buttressed with a sense of humour. He needs imagination and shrewd common sense as well. But for such a man there are a thousand and one opportunities just now, and if he makes himself sufficient of a nuisance he will likely succeed. But he must never give a thought to getting credit for his work. Someone else will get *that*.

"For'ard On"

Total Exemption

PAT: "Sure, it's foive times oi've asked yez to marry me, Biddy. If yez won't have me, at laste will yez give me a Rejection Certificate?"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

SLEUTHERONIUM ESPIONIS

My Dear Bystander—

One of the minor results of the Push has been a quite astonishing outbreak in its most virulent form of that distressing malady known to Harley Street as "sleutheronium espionis" among people who in the ordinary affairs of life are remarkable for their sagacity and mental balance.

In moments of great enthusiasm such as the present they wake up suddenly to the fact that they live surrounded by German agents of the most energetic and dangerous variety. Have done for years. Absolutely hemmed in by spies. And they come to me every day with the most convincing proof of their neighbours' guilt. The only recompense they ask for their trouble is that they may be present at the execution and bring their friends with them, a favour it is always hard to refuse, especially to ladies.

It was a big *ravitailleur* for the Belgian Army, as shrewd and as hard a headed business merchant as you could wish, a man with an inside knowledge of butcher's meat second to none in Europe (he can give you tips about selecting cuts off an ox that leave you gasping); it was this man who rushed in to see me yesterday to report that he had actually seen somebody signalling from a neighbouring farm in broad daylight, and when we arrived there in a breathless condition and found the chimney burning merrily he expressed the earnest conviction that every spark must have a hidden meaning if only we could guess what it was.

After deep cogitation we finally guessed that the chimney wanted cleaning badly, and to the amazement and loudly expressed admiration of the little throng of interested spectators who had gathered round to watch the Master Sleuth at work, our deadly powers of deduction proved on investigation to be entirely correct. Thus is the enemy defeated at every turn.

And when I eventually arrived back at my office I found an urgent request to come at once as a French sentry had caught a German masquerading in a Scotch uniform. Not a word of English could this desperate character utter, it seemed, but only German! I do most sincerely hope and trust that Private MacPherson, braw laddie that he is, is large-minded man enough to scorn to take back with him to bonnie Oban any bitter impressions of the people among whom he has sojourned for eighteen months, for it must be a little disheartening to a man from North of the Tweed—be he never so good-natured—to be taken for the enemy when asking the way in pure Scotch.

It is only fair to add that Réné Paul, aged six, who had been kicking Private MacPherson on the shins after his arrest with astonishing virility and determination for one so young and minute, burst into a flood of scalding tears when the truth became known, a change of demeanour facilitated not a little by a heavy clump behind the ear, administered with emotion by his mother, anxious to make amends for loudly expressed epithets of terse displeasure coupled with free advice as to what should be done with spies caught *habillés comme les Anglais*, opinions as regrettable as they were full-blooded.

Is it not extraordinary what a shatterer of illusions the war is proving? But I know at least one Englishman who, were you to consult him on the subject, would hotly deny the verbose and gesticulatory characteristics which popular belief for centuries past has so fondly assigned to the Frenchman.

The officer I am referring to was standing on the bank of a canal, and was chatting laboriously to a native of the place who was dividing his time between smoking a long cigar and thoughtfully regarding the piscatorial manœuvres of a small boy further down the bank. It came on to rain at this moment, and endeavouring to struggle into his waterproof the officer somehow lost his balance, and fell with a mighty splash into the turbid waters of the canal. The water was deep and awfully cold. "*Jetez moi une corde!*" he gurgled as he came gasping to the surface, "*Jetez moi une corde!*" The man on the bank regarded him a little sadly. He removed the cigar from his mouth. "*Il n'y a pas de corde,*" he observed simply, and struck another match.

Yours ever,
Jack Johnson

REASSURING

"My young nevvy, what's been out, tells me it's all over—but the 'eads are keepin' it dark so as the enemy won't know"

By Hutton Mitchell

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

In Dixie-Land

PASSED BY CENSOR

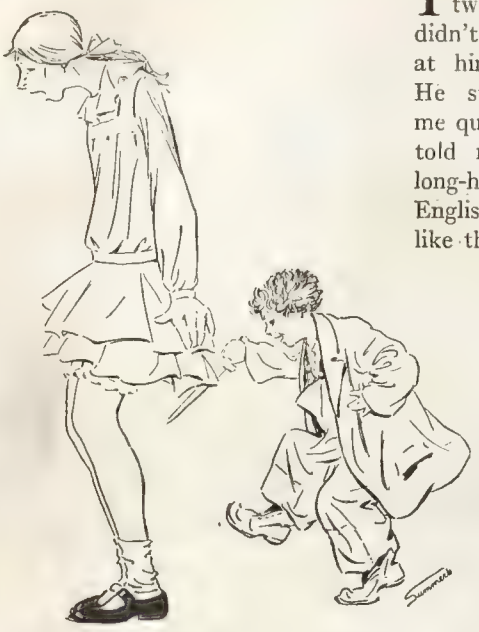
"WELL, FRIDAY—'OW'S CRUSOE?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

ONE OF THE BIG MEN

HE is a dwarf. He stands about as high as my lowest waistcoat button, and is perfectly proportioned. And he really is one of the big men of Bohemian Paris. His name is Sirvaux, but no one ever calls him that, and very few people know it, though everyone in Paris who knows anything of Paris knows Delphin. He is as well known as the Arc de Triomphe, but not nearly so easy of access. For Delphin has his idiosyncrasies, and the principal one of these is that he hates being treated as a freak. He is an artist—not something out of a Barnum's Show—and he insists on this fact being remembered. He has every right to its being remembered, too, for as an artist he is extraordinarily clever. Incidentally, he has been a very good son to his mother and kindness itself to other members of his family, all of whose size is normal, and with whom he was not very happy as a child.



"As a ragged street urchin"

✲

I MET him first about twelve years ago. He didn't like the way I looked at him, and told me so. He stated his opinion of me quite emphatically. He told me that I was "a long-haired kind of an Englishman, with a mouth like the corner of a street," and left it at that. A week later, I met him at the house of a mutual friend. In the course of the first half-hour's conversation (after he had been extracted from a boot cupboard to which he had fled for safety) I became reconciled to his size, and he became reconciled to my shape, and we have been the best of friends ever since. At that time, Delphin used to sell songs and sing a song or two in one of the little cabarets in Montmartre. It occurred to me that he had the makings of an actor, and he and I made our début on the Paris stage together in the Théâtre Cluny in a play called *Cochon d'Enfant*, which I wrote round him in collaboration with André de Lorde. The play was a success, and Delphin has never looked back since then. He has played countless parts in countless revues and attracted all Paris to see him as the boy Tyl Tyl in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* at the Théâtre Réjane.

"He didn't like the way I looked at him and told me so"

✲

AS a revue artist he is unique. He is playing just now in a revue by Emile Codey, in which the little man portrays no less than seven different parts. For the peculiarity of Delphin as an artist is his versatility. Dwarfs have played children before, and played them very well, but Delphin in the space of two hours plays a ragged street urchin, mother's own boy, a lecturer who looks absurdly like a pocket edition of Monsieur Capus, a British Boy Scout, a Paris camelot, and various other things. In the *scène dans la salle*, without which no Paris revue is ever complete, Delphin manages to keep the audience in a roar for

(*Continued on page 110*)

"As a lecturer"

Somme-where in France

A PLEASANT THING TO RUN UP AGAINST ON A DARK NIGHT!
One of the big guns moving forward in the Somme sector to give the Germans an uncomfortable surprise

"GRANDMOTHER"
Just going to speak a few words of information to the Hun that we are now even better prepared than he was at the beginning of the war

A SMALL PART OF THE EMPTY SHELL-CASES
Whose "business-ends" have been pounding the enemy trenches ever since the beginning of the month

ONE OF MANY RAILWAY SIDINGS
Full of ammunition of every sort and size, ready to be rushed up to the super-guns to blast their way through the super-defences of the Germans

Extra performances of the popular revue, "Shell Out," are now being given daily in France. The four official photographs given above show the principal performers both at rehearsal and actually playing their parts. House full (of prisoners) at every performance. Early matinées daily

nearly a quarter of an hour, as a naughty little boy, the brother of one of the lady performers, whom he insists on seeing on the stage, in spite of the refusal of the management to let her appear. When I talked to the THE BYSTANDER artist about Delphin and his artistry, she said that he was a very creditable effort of my invention. Snappish folk, artists !

❋

NOW, even in war-time, I don't take a remark like that from anybody, so I laid hold of the artist's lily white hand, led her down (*mais oui, mesdames !*) five flights of stairs and up four more, and rang a bell. When Delphin asked us to come in we felt exactly like a pair of Brobdignagians visiting Gulliver. It was early in the morning (early, that is, for Montmartre, which makes rather an effort to be out and about at mid-day), and Delphin was, as he politely put it, still *en déshabille*. When dressed for the street Delphin looks like the best-dressed man you know, turned out by a Bond Street tailor, but locked at through the wrong end of the telescope.

❋

I INTRODUCED the artist to him, and with the utmost courtesy he showed us round. He lives in a perfect little flat which is exactly like a doll's house. He has had all his furniture specially made to suit his own size, and everything is so smart and perfectly appointed that his rooms convey the impression of a tiny model in a furniture store. Everything except the bed. That is of the usual size.

❋

THE walls are full of pictures, with flattering dedications by known artists, for Delphin is

"C'est un tout petit grand homme, en miniature"

the spoiled darling of Bohemian Paris, and not only clever at his work, but clever in the wisdom of the world as well, and everybody's friend in consequence. Some years ago some boys in the street, budding *apaches*, surrounded and mocked at him. The little man got frightened. For years Delphin had been in the habit of trotting about Paris on his own business, unmolested, by day or by night, as though he were of normal size. But being a dressy little man, he wears a gold watch and chain and other personal jewellery, and in those pre-war days thought it wise to carry a revolver in his hip-pocket. He lost his temper with the boys, most of whom were nearly twice his own size and very rough, drew his revolver, fired, the bullet going through the coat of one of them without doing any further harm, and was arrested.

❋

I SHALL never forget the trial. Delphin apologised like a little gentleman for disturbing the peace, but pleaded extreme irritation. He was sentenced to a fine of five francs without costs, and the five-franc piece with which he paid the fine in Court entirely covered the palm of his hand. "It has been a lesson to me," he said when he left the Palace of Justice. "I can assure you, *mon petit*" (he has a trick of calling me "*mon petit*") "that I shall never carry firearms again. My temper is like my size—it is too short." The other evening, after his performance at the *Européen*, Delphin came up to my sky parlour for a drink, a smoke, and a chat, and we talked till the small hours of old days, old friends lost in the war, of our hopes and ambitions. Delphin's ambition is worth putting on record.

❋

HE wants to become a member of the Comédie Française. He puts it this way. "You see, my little one," he says (and Delphin holding forth in his full voice in the small hours of the morning, from the depths of a normal sized armchair, while he smokes a cigarette and manipulates an ordinary sized glass—he objects to small glasses—in those tiny hands of his, makes one wonder whether one is really awake), "you see, my little one, children, *real* children, cannot play children's parts properly. They play them just as badly as a really young girl too often plays *ingénue*. Now I have the size of a child of six combined with the experience of a man (Delphin is thirty-two). I can play children's parts better than any child or any man in France. And when the war is over I want to become a member of the Française." In the meanwhile Delphin is learning English, which he already speaks quite well, and one of these days he will undoubtedly astonish London from the stage. *Car, Delphin, c'est un tout petit grand homme, en miniature.*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"'You see, my little one,' he says"

"Some" (More Samples)

Photographs *Wrather and Buys*

MISS LEE WHITE

The life and soul of "Some," singing "Jingle Johnnie" with her chorus at the new Vaudeville Revue

The Way of the Liar

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"Who always tells you at the psychological moment what you most want to hear"

The Agreeable Liar

THERE are a good many different kinds of liar going to and fro upon the earth and up and down in it. Some are agreeable and some are not — most decidedly not. The agreeable liar is the one who cultivates the game as a fine art and who tells you at the psychological moment what you most want to hear. That sort is always welcome in any society. In fact, society could not exist without lying. Who could imagine a state of civilisation in which the unvarnished truth was the rule, not the exception? What would become of politicians, of lawyers, doctors, and merchants, and the Press? And what of social amenities?

❀ ❀

Social Fictions

ALL conventions are lies, though we are agreed to treat them as harmless, necessary fiction. There is "Not at home," for instance, which is so bland as to deceive no one, not to mention the "Must you go so soon?" spoken with a more or less convincing assumption of passionate regret by the wearied hostess to an adhesive caller. Also the note of effusive thanks written as a matter of duty after a particularly boring week-end. The hostess with any ambition towards social success must be cordial to her guests whether she hates the sight of them or not. And we all know the look of soulful interest in the eyes of the guileless young thing who privately wishes the man to whom she is listening a lengthy sojourn in Halifax, Calcutta, or some other reputedly hot clime.

❀ ❀

Wasteful Lying

IT is astonishing that since lying is, and must be, the basis of our social fabric, we devote so little attention to serious study of the art. And believe me, it is not so easy as it may seem. Of course, the really successful liar is born, not made, but a great deal can be done by assiduous practice. Even the smallest natural gift can be developed to an amazing degree if enough trouble be taken. By successful liar I do not mean the man or woman who prevaricates continually and unnecessarily, simply because he or she cannot help it. Such a liar, if sufficiently cheerful, may be beloved of the Lord and his fellow-men, but he cannot be considered a true exponent of the art. No one would take his utterances seriously. If you get such a reputation that no one can even believe the contrary of what you say, you might as well stick to the truth and be done with it, for all the good it will do you.

❀ ❀

The Truth, the Whole Truth . . .

IN fact, sticking to the truth is often the safest game. To begin with, no one will believe you, and if your memory is not of the best you will at least not run the risk of being caught out in ridiculous contradictions. One of the most successful liars I have ever known was a woman who invariably told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth with such exaggeration of emphasis as to deceive everyone. The most outrageous truths can safely be trotted out if either of two methods be used: either an artificial blandness or an insolent insistence on the credulity of the listener. An entirely impassive face is best in either case, but if this be found too difficult, great geniality or a frivolous demeanour will do admirably. Excessive sweetness should, however, be avoided.

"Not at home"

❀ ❀

A Really Good Lie

CONTRARY to the popular impression, women need quite as much training in the

(Continued on page 114)

The Latest Tip—But Not for the Porter!

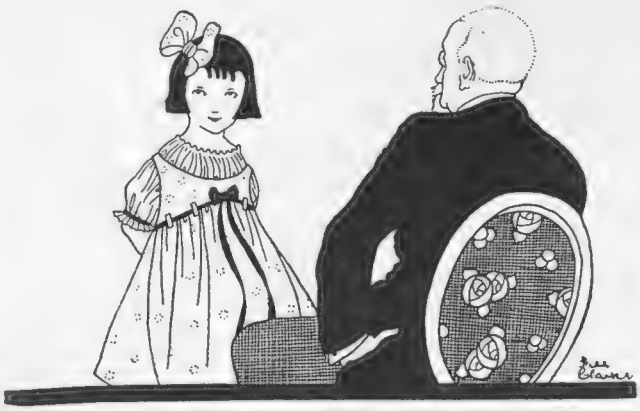
LUGGAGE ON WHEELS

Startling result of the appeal of the Railway Companies to the public to give as little trouble as possible to their under-manned staffs

THE WAY OF THE LIAR (concluded from page 112)

art of lying as do men. The very ease with which they can prevaricate is too often their undoing. They are apt to lie carelessly, too much at random, with little or no regard for consequences. They fall into the trap of saying whatever rises to their lips at the moment, and of at once forgetting what has been said. No one should attempt to lie who has not an absolutely reliable memory. And no lying should be indulged in except in accordance with a reasoned plan of campaign. A good lie is far too valuable to be squandered without adequate cause, and the effect must be nicely calculated. Once you have chosen your lie, you must stick to it; nothing can be more disastrous in the end than undecided wobbling between truth and fiction or a belated attempt to retrieve a past indiscretion, or trying to bolster up an unsuccessful effort by later additions. "Now I will tell you the real truth" is a hopeless thing to say—think of the admission it implies! And do not get into the habit of saying things manifestly too good to be true.

"A matter of duty after a particularly boring week-end"



"Lies that would amaze the Ancient Mariner"

❀ ❀

The Law of Opposites

IF you are found out and find yourself possessed of the reputation of being a seasoned liar there is but one thing to do. Nothing will ever change your reputation, so the game is obviously to take advantage of it and, as I said before, to stick to the unmitigated truth. But it is far, far better to establish a record for truth-telling; you can then lie, sparingly, of course, but with absolute effect—that is if you can do so with conviction and the appearance of sincerity.

❀ ❀

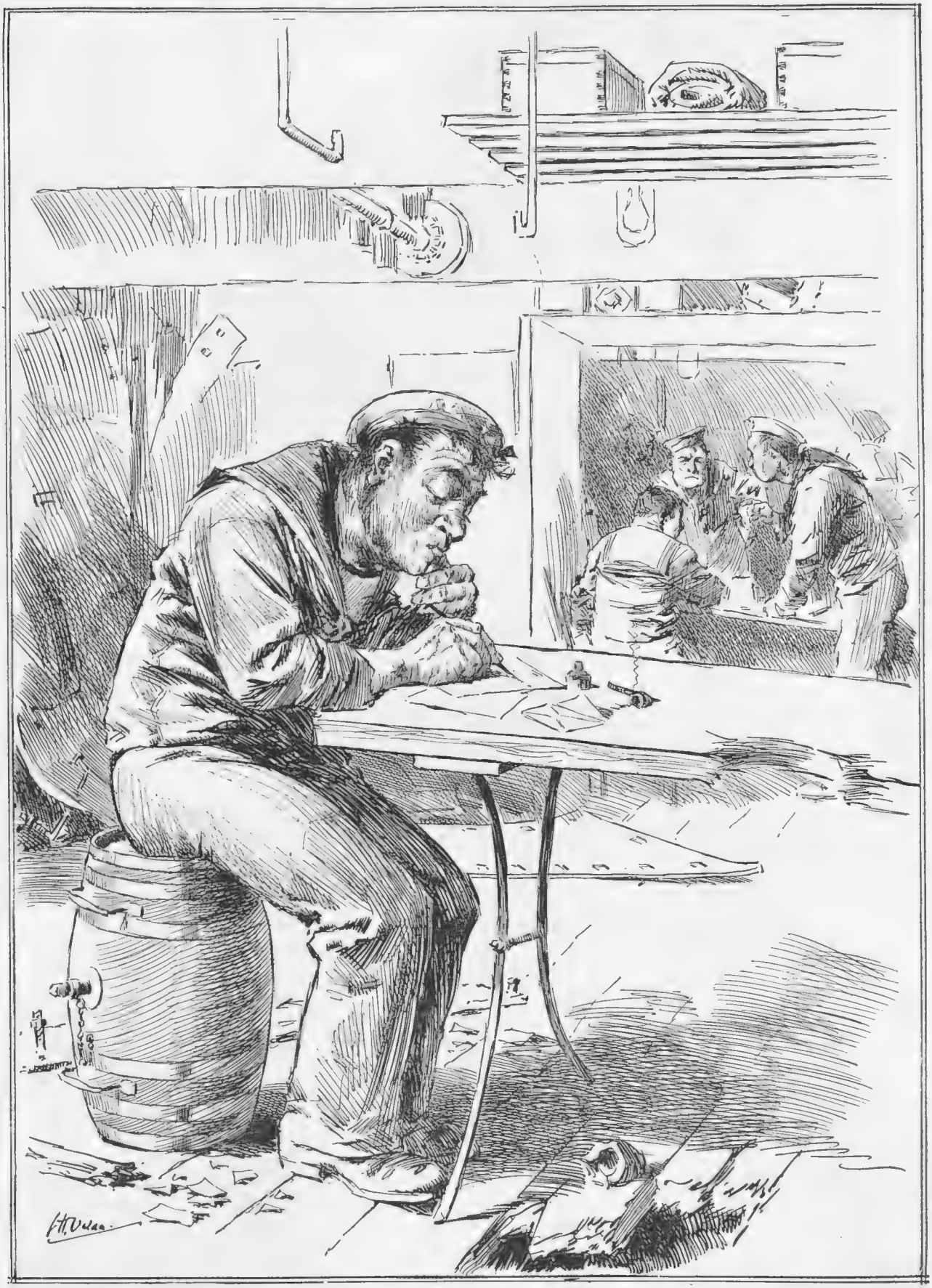
Tricks of the Trade

THAT is where women score; it is their natural prerogative. The most ingenuous-looking little slip of a curly headed girl can tell without the quiver of an eyelash lies that would amaze the Ancient Mariner—and get them believed. The innocent, wide-eyed method is by far the most successful, but it becomes unconvincing the moment one has passed the age of innocence. That is when accessories must be studied. Hearty off-handedness should, as a rule, be left to the male sex. A woman has much subtler means at her command. Dressing the hair with a part in the middle, *à la vierge*, if becoming, will often do the trick, particularly if assisted by an upturned limpid eye. A reclining posture, a low sweet voice, an appealing manner, and a clinging pressure of the hand are also trump cards if used with discretion. The effeminate man will not be taken in, but the manly type will fall every time. Above all, let the fair liar beware of tempting the credulity of other women. That way madness lies—and discovery. Sometimes a blank stare will deceive another woman, but it is a dangerous game. A question, you see, of two of a trade.

EFEMERA

"Discovery . . . ."

Sensible of the Censor



"My Dear Mother,—Just a line to let you know I am quite well as it leaves me at present, but I am not allowed to say so.—I remain your loving son, Walter"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Some" (More Samples) at the Vaudeville

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a new version of Mr. Harry Grattan's successful Revue, *Samples*, and it suggests that the management of the Vaudeville controls unlimited resources of fun and fancy. The curtain has barely time to rise before the audience is cackling merrily; and from that moment onwards there is hardly a break in the joyous mirth of the evening. As is usual in Revue nowadays, the last scene is presented first. We see (or at least hear) ourselves coming out of the theatre and indulging in the usual tiresome discussion as to who was the first to order the only available taxi. Then we are permitted the rare privilege of a visit to the dressing-rooms of the principal performers. The comedian who does not begin to be funny until he has left the stage is a distinct hit by Mr. Peter Bernard; and the Call Boy, represented by the delightfully precocious little Betty, must be seen to be believed.

❋

THEN we come to the dressing-room of the Principal Lady and also that of the Chorus Ladies, though naturally, in these last two cases, the interesting object for which the rooms were designed is for the moment suspended. Still, as one of the ladies remarks, they talk about the dresses (or the want of them) in revues, while those on the stage have to look down into the audience and see ladies so scantily attired that they look as if they were just going to bed, or had just got out of it. Myself, I have noticed a tendency to this kind of freedom in frocks lately, but I have never compared it with the feminine method of rising or retiring, for the very simple reason that I have, of course, no information on the subject. Perhaps, however, we had better talk of something else, as you never know who may be listening in these times.

THE scene entitled "A Modern Mother's Meeting" is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the "Super-child," in which part little Betty again distinguishes herself with ability that scarcely seems credible in one so obviously young and tender. From this scene we pass to another called "The Nursery," where the children are just normal, even though they may not be quite so juvenile as their frocks represent them to be. But they are very charming in their

dainty slippers and short socks, and the obvious maturity of their—supports is not at all unwelcome to the gentle connoisseur in these matters. In the fourth scene of the second act a gentleman named Rebla strolls on the stage and commences to juggle furiously with billiard-balls and dinner-plates. I have not seen so much rich fun crowded into so small a space of time for quite a while. Rebla's humour consists for the most part of displays of quite uncanny cleverness. He creates a situation of apparently insuperable difficulty, and then proceeds to convince us with quite ridiculous ease that there was really no difficulty at all—for him.

❋

A SCENE dealing with the usual trouble at the telephone was bound to be popular, anyway. Everybody who uses the telephone knows for a fact that the girls always keep you waiting ten minutes before replying to your call, and then take a malicious delight in putting you through to the wrong number and declaring that that was what you said. (Yes you did!) The scene is divided into two parts, the first being entitled "How Not To." There is a call-box in the middle of the stage, and on either side of it are the two exchanges, each of which is presided over by a young lady who attends impatiently to the telephone at such intervals as she can spare from the perusal of the exciting novel in her lap.

❋

THE second half of the scene shows how telephone politeness is really a remunerative investment. After the caller has cooed down the telephone a gentle request that when the young lady at the other end is not too busy she may be disposed to give him the number he wants, he finds himself involved in an exchange of tender compliments, all of which add to the gentle humour of the situation. Furthermore, as a reward for his patience, he receives a visit from a charming little lady in uniform, who comes to repair his telephone and remains to be wooed. This scene is one of daintiest pieces of nonsense imaginable, and is charmingly represented by Mr. Gene Gerrad and Miss Billie Carleton. From first to last this is one of the jolliest shows of the hour. The songs and the music are both agreeably light and lively, while the charming energy of Miss Lee White, who is a most fascinating hostess in herself, makes the success of this production a thing assured. JINGLE

Spirited, Sparkling and Sprightly

"Some" (more Samples), the successor to "Samples" at the Vaudeville, is a brilliant little Revue, which should keep the house full for a long time to come

BELLICOSITIES

NEW motto for German shipping: "Get out, and get under."

✵

"I HAD almost said," writes Mr. Beach Thomas in the *Daily Mail*, "that nothing in this battle was not incredible." This Niagara of negatives makes one inclined to regard its author as a bit of a "doubting Thomas."

✵

THE Hun who wants new clothes, being now compelled to plead before a Government tribunal for permission to buy them, must suffer a good deal from anxious uncertainty whether he will gain his suit.

✵

IN the scintillating language of the *Star*, "the Russians are literally leaping forward on both sides of the Kovel railway." Highly gratifying to see our Allies thus bound to win.

✵

THE evening paper which unkindly alluded, the other day, to "the Billing battery of damp squibs," seemed to have forgotten that the critics of the hot-air M.P. have been complaining less of his squibs than of his "crackers."

THE Captain of the U boat that crossed the Atlantic recently announced proudly that the profit on the sale of his cargo covered all the expenses of the long journey. An enterprise that just covers its expenses is, apparently, a novelty for Germany at the moment; but it will hardly appeal to commercial circles in this country.

✵

EVENING NEWS

SUBMARINE

BOMBARDS

EAST COAST

OFFICIAL

Wonder whether it hit him?

THOUGH customers of German cafés and restaurants may not now order sugar to be served with their tea or coffee, they are allowed to bring their own sugar with them. In fact, if they don't like their unsweetened beverage they can "lump" it.

✵

THE "Output of Beer (Restriction) Bill" really deserves to be welcomed as a pleasing novelty. So many recent enactments on the same subject have taken the form of Input of Beer (Restriction) Bills.

✵

AN evening paper speaks of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce as the "Chaplin" of the House of Commons. But surely there are other and less respected frequenters of the House who have a prior claim to be regarded as imitators of the immortal Charlie.

✵

WOMEN tram-conductors have been found to be smarter than men in detecting bad coins tendered for fares. But women have always been prone to change, and it is not, therefore, surprising to hear that they are keen about the small change as well.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

"I don't know why the men grumble. This soup is really excellent"

"They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit it to be soup. He insists that it is *coffee!*"

"THE COMMISSARIAT!"

In the domestic commissariat, Bird's Custard is the greatest help. It is a war-time food with no waste, low in cost, yet high in nutritive value, and made in a minute.

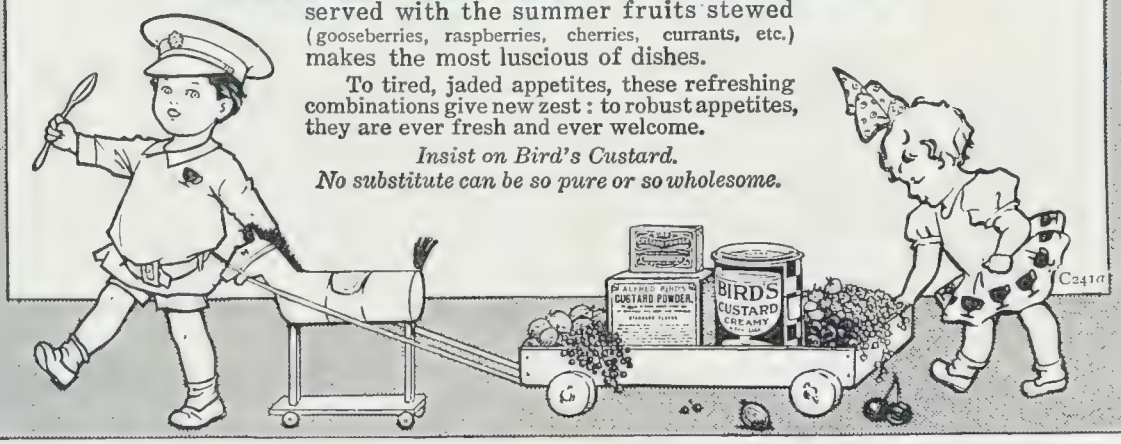
The delicious Bird's Custard is splendid for inducing children to eat and enjoy the good English boiled puddings (cheaper than meat, and as nutritious) which save the meat bill. A spoonful on each plate works wonders. *Try to-day.*

Bird's Custard

served with the summer fruits stewed (gooseberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, etc.) makes the most luscious of dishes.

To tired, jaded appetites, these refreshing combinations give new zest: to robust appetites, they are ever fresh and ever welcome.

Insist on Bird's Custard.
No substitute can be so pure or so wholesome.



The 'Lutetian' Touch!

It's Lutetian Cream, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, that explains the rich deep brilliance and "finish," which make brown leathers look so admirable.

"Lutetian" makes *any* brown footwear look its absolute best, even the cheaper kinds, and belts and leggings take on that "quality" look after one or two "Lutetian" dressings.

And the glove-like pliancy and softness, the resistance to wet and damp, the freedom from cracking, the ease of re-polishing that comes to "Lutetian" cleaned boots make "Lutetian" the most truly economical preparation of all. Sold in three shades, Light, Dark, and Extra Dark.

Lutetian Cream

BEST FOR ALL BROWN LEATHERS

MELTONIAN Cream for BLACK Footwear

"Meltonian" is just as much the best for Black Footwear as is "Lutetian" for Brown. A superb polish, an unequalled preserver, and an unquestionable saving. Those who prefer a paste will find Meltonian Paste excellent.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send postcard for name of nearest retailer to

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Carrick St., London.

Craven

MIXTURE. 1/7 per 2 oz.

"Soon the aroma reached him and rapture struggled into his face..... ....."*Where do you get it?*" Gilray whispered."

From "My Lady Nicotine," *wherein Sir J. M. Barrie describes the delights of* CRAVEN

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE REASON

By C. STARR JOHNS

It was dark, very dark that morning, as though the day had overslept itself, and dawn, when it did come, brought with it a raw drizzle ; up till then the night had been dry, although cold. No change in the weather, however, had any effect upon a man who walked quickly, yet furtively, towards a village some three miles away, which was, so to speak, the trailing skirt of a great city. Through this village ran one of the main English roads, straight and severe, without any particular natural beauties to soften its appearance.

Suddenly the man stopped and glanced keenly round him through the ever-growing light, then, with one jump, he cleared a low hedge which skirted one side of the road, and found himself in a large meadow. He evidently knew where he was, for without a moment's hesitation he ran a few yards to where some rank vegetation covered a ditch. The ditch was dry, and he crept into it. The bramble and dead grass almost formed a roof to the place, so he was hidden from all casual observation.

He lay at full length with his head upon his arm, and presently he sighed heavily and slept.

The drizzle changed to rain, a steady downpour of chilled water ; it turned the dust into mud, soaked the leaves and the grasses, and ran in little trickles into the ditch. From one dead branch of bramble the water dripped persistently on to the man's bare neck ; in a very little time he was wet to the skin, soaking like a sponge, but still he slept on for some hours.

He woke with a start, and groaned as he altered his position, rubbing the arm upon which his head had lain to try and remove the stiffness.

The road now was full of passing traffic, motor-cars, tradesmen's carts, and pedestrians ; from where he lay he could hear scraps of conversation, and once the sound of a regiment marching by made him crouch lower into the ditch. Once a terrier nosed and scratched a few yards from him, and he shook with fear lest the owner of the animal should make an appearance. He drew a tin box from the breast pocket of his tunic and chewed a piece of the tobacco from within, this offered a poor relief from the pangs of hunger which assailed him ; he began to shiver with the chill from his drenched clothing. Twice during the afternoon he peered through the hedge above him, but each time the sight of a khaki-clad figure approaching sent him hurriedly back into his hiding-place.

Night came quickly, but he did not move until every vestige of daylight had gone ; then, when all was inky blackness, he crawled once more out of the ditch, and regained the road. He knew that for two miles at least he could evade danger, but after that he must take care, for there would be light, although dim, and he felt that he hated light. Towards half-past ten he reached a short row of five cottages, respectable dwellings with a little patch of garden before and behind ; quickly he entered the gate of the first house of the row and noiselessly passed round to the rear of the house.

There was no light showing anywhere, no sign that the house was occupied. He began to tremble violently.

" My Gawd, if Bella should ha' gone away ! " he retraced his steps, and, reaching up, tapped lightly on a window, and then—to his inexpressible delight, the sash was lifted a few inches and he heard his wife's voice ask quietly :

" Who's there ? "

" Bella, for Gawd's sake let me in."

" Who is it ? "

" It's me, Jim."

He heard a little cry of dismay, and then :

" All right, I'll open the door." The window closed again, and he tip-toed to the door, which his wife now opened.

" What are ye doing, Jim, what ever does it mean, you a-turning up like this ? "

" Lemme get warm first, and give me somefink to eat and drink." He turned into the room which once upon a time had been his pride, an apartment not many feet square, but which he knew held many articles which had been a source of envy to his neighbours.

" Do you want a light ? " asked his wife.

" No, I'll just sit here if you'll get me that food."

He sank wearily into a chair, too done up, too utterly miserable, to remember his sodden clothing, feeling nothing but the imperative need to eat and drink.

He sat stolidly, and when his wife returned and pushed the food into his hands he ate like some wild beast. He did not speak a word until his hunger was satisfied. Then he said quietly :

" Bella, I've deserted."

" I thought so, Jim."

" I couldn't stand it, Bella ; I was a blasted fool ever to enlist, and them officers and sergeants have made a perfect 'ell of my life—and what's it for, that's what I want to know ? . . . say somefink, can't yer ? Gawd love us, what yer crying for ? " He heard his wife's sobs, and his own self-pity almost vanished with the astonishment he felt. Bella was not one who cried much—what on earth was there to make her cry now ? All he wanted was some of his old clothes and a few shillings.

" What yer crying for ? " he asked again, and then he felt his wife's hand upon his arm, and knew that she was kneeling by his side.

" Jim, Jim, you aren't really going to desert, are ye ? "

" I've done it, lass."

" But, Jim, won't you go back ? "

" Not unless they catch me."

His wife resumed her sobbing : again he felt puzzled, he couldn't understand this grief at his return. It couldn't matter to her ; he'd be able to earn good money, she'd be able to go on living here, it would mean no change in her life, yet he felt vaguely that there was more than he knew of. He put one wet arm around her quivering shoulders.

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(Continued on page 122)

"I will have nothing else but only this."
Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene I.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 120)

"What's the matter, Bella?"

He felt her shrink under his embrace, as she said bitterly:

"You're ruining my life as well as your own, and I never thought you'd do that, Jim."

"Ruining yer life?"

"Yes, for I can't stay here and be laughed at by all the other women, as I shall be, because I was always so proud that my husband was the only one from here who had enlisted—ah, Jim, won't you go back?"

"Go back," he said hoarsely, "go back, no I won't go back to those blasted slave-drivers!"

"Not for my sake, Jim, not for all our future life together, not for the boy's sake?"

"What's it got to do with Fred?"

"To do with your boy, why, it'll break him, just as it'll break me. He's been made 'captain' by all the others, because his father is a soldier, and"—she continued fiercely—"do you think I'll let him stay here and be pointed out as the son of a coward? It's bad enough for me; but oh, Jim! are you going to spoil his life too?"

The man sat breathing heavily. He had not thought of these things, of the disgrace his desertion would bring upon his wife and boy, and then his mind drifted back to the regiment he had left.

Why had they been so down on him? Perhaps he hadn't taken as much trouble as he might have taken, perhaps there were reasons why a man should be clean and sober, but he wasn't a drunkard.

And, again, if he were a few minutes late it didn't do anyone any harm; he'd often been late to his work, and then he thought of his boy who had been made "captain" of all the other youngsters because his dad was a soldier.

He gave a queer kind of grunt, and stood up—his boy had been made "captain"!

In a flash he understood many things, and among them the reason of his own unpopularity with his officers. He had had no zeal, no desire to become smart, no feeling of respect for the regiment of which he had been a member, and he knew that he was going back. He stooped and put his hand upon his wife's head.

"Bella."

"Yes, Jim?"

"Where's the kid? Will he be asleep?"

"He's not here; he's been with mother for the last two days, and I shall write and tell her to keep him, for he shan't come back here."

"You needn't write, Bella, and he can come here, for I'm going back to the regiment."

With a sobbing cry, his wife threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh Jim, Jim, thank God! I can still think of you as a hero!" Ten minutes later the man was out on the road again, tramping steadily with head erect, a new look in his eyes, towards that place, a good many miles away, where he knew that severe punishment awaited him; and he kept turning over in his mind what he should say when brought before his officer. He realised that it would be just the plain truth.

"I've come back, sir; because my little boy was made a 'captain' me bein' a soldier."

His footsteps died away. His wife opened the door of the adjoining room and whispered cautiously:

"He's gone, Bill."

C. Starr Johns

The Unattainable

"Mother, I wish I could go paddling!"

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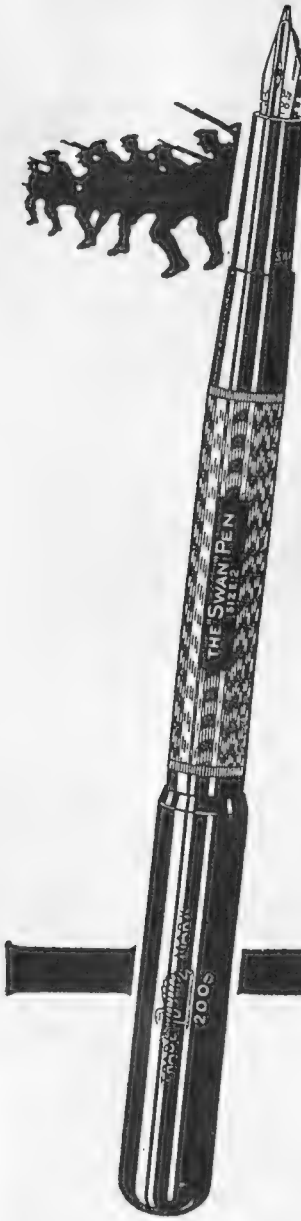

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The above is the finished advertisement of which the rough preparatory plan appeared last week. See the small illustration

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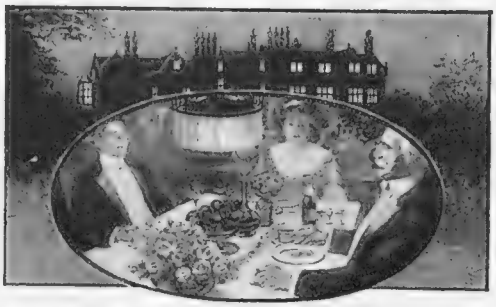

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Photograph *Claude Harris*

MLLE. LUCIENNE DERVYLE

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Books of the Week

THREE STORIES AND AN ART BOOK

Notes on Novels

MRS. HARDING'S novel, *Oranges and Lemons* (Cassell: 6*s.*), has to tell of the "last of the Fanes," an erratic family whose lot it is to begin and end badly and taste of success in their prime. Dolores Fane had a curious man for a father, but on his death was adopted by a respectable British family. She might have married honest Lucas Murray, but preferred to run away with Hugo Amadis. She found fame as a dancer, but the old curse began to work, and her death was distressing. Out of these rather worn materials Mrs. Harding has managed to write a readable story with quaint pieces of character-drawing to help mark it off from the ordinary novel.

An Imaginary Gaby

Arnaud Varlez is a Belgian author whose work has been crowned by his Government. An English translation of a new book of his has just been published—*Gaby's Partner* (Iris Publishing Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). There is only one Gaby, but a note bids us take the Gaby of the book as an entirely imaginary character. This Gaby is a famous dancer, and her partner is a German prince *incognito*. He is by no means the ordinary Hun princeling, as we have come to know him, and Gaby is by no means the ordinary dancer. Their little tragedy makes up a story which, while not precisely the story you expect, is neither very exciting nor original.

The Human Boy Again

Re-enter, just at the right moment, Mr. Phillpotts's admirable troupe of youngsters. *The Human Boy and the War* (Methuen: 6*s.*) shows no signs of falling off from its predecessors. Dr. Dunstan is still the headmaster of Merivale, and minors and minimuses still carry on the old traditions with which Mr. Phillpotts has made us familiar. The prize poems are gorgeous, and the author's style changes delightfully with each attempt of his boys to describe their feelings and adventures.

Russian Arts

A pleasant aspect of our great Ally is seen in Mrs. Newmarch's *The Russian Arts* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net), a fitting sequel to the same writer's *The Russian Opera*, published a year or two ago. It is of the more plastic arts that Mrs. Newmarch writes, and no doubt she will elaborate her theme into a third volume. With the exception of that wayward genius, Verestschagin, there can hardly be a Russian painter or sculptor whose name is known to the average Englishman, yet Russia has produced her great artists. You may have vague ideas of the wonders of the Kremlin at Moscow, and you would possibly recognise the to us rather curious contours of a Russian church, but Mrs. Newmarch breaks what must be almost new ground for most of us. There are plenty of illustrations in her book, which has the merit of being well and clearly written.

R. S.

Taking Cover

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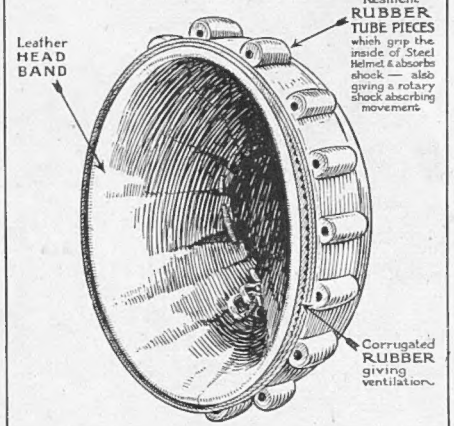

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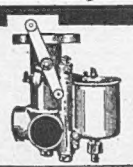

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Matters Musical

WANTED: COMIC OPERAS

THERE is no doubt at all that the time is ripe for development of our more popular music. Wherever one goes one hears people saying that they are absolutely tired of Revues and that Musical Comedies "are not what they were." As to the former there is nothing to say; as to the latter the complaint may be justified, but I have a suspicion that it is the public appetite that is satiated rather than the quality of the victuals that has deteriorated. However, the result being the same in either event, we need hardly trouble about the matter further.

⁂ ⁂

NOW, the British public has always shown a peculiar liking for comic opera, from the time of Sullivan to that of Franz Lehar, and, quite apart from any positive evidence that may exist to that effect, the presumption is that public taste is much the same now as it used to be. Incidentally, in order not to be misunderstood, I should like to insist that the Viennese comic operas, whatever the prigs may say, *were* comic operas, not musical comedies, and that I cannot for the life of me see any difference in kind or quality between *The Chocolate Soldier* and *Veronique* or *Gypsy Love* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

MISS CARMEN HILL

One of our favourite ballad-singers, now giving a series of tea-time recitals at the Trocadero

⁂ ⁂

THE difficulties urged by theatrical managers against Comic Operas are, I believe, two. Firstly, that they cannot get the operas; secondly, that they find it difficult to get singers to perform them. The second difficulty is a real one, but that it is not insurmountable is shown by the fact that Sir Thomas Beecham was able to procure casts thoroughly adequate to perform *The Critic* and *Carmen*. I mention these two operas because they require acting as well as singing; nevertheless it must be admitted that the problem is rather different, in that personal appearance also must be included in the qualifications of an ideal comic opera artist. Still, I have no doubt that a little ingenuity, perseverance, and care would make comparatively short work of any initial difficulties that might arise.

⁂ ⁂

THERE remains the question of repertory. Admitted that it is impossible to procure an adequate number of contemporary comic operas, why not establish a repertory of old favourites? The Gilbert and Sullivan operas apart (is it really quite impossible to secure the rights of them?), there are *Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Belle Hélène* by Offenbach, *Merrie England* and *Tom Jones* by Edward German, *My Lady Molly* by Sidney Jones, a host of operettas by Messager and other composers too numerous to mention. I compile this list casually as I write; it is intended neither to be exhaustive nor final, merely to show that the material is there.

⁂ ⁂

THE essential is that the whole Repertory should be extremely well—which is not to say expensively—produced. For instance, both the Offenbach operas demand new translations by a competent and witty dramatist, and the performances in general must have great style and *chic*. I have amused myself by working out the idea in some detail, but there is no room to write more here. I present it for what it is worth to Mr. Evett, of Daly's, or Mr. Courtneidge, of the Shaftesbury. That there is money in it I am convinced. There always has been—in Paris, in Munich, in Vienna. The only wonder is that it has never even been tried in London. FRANCIS TOYE

WARNING!

THE public are urgently warned that the BAIRNSFATHER EXHIBITION of the original drawings of "FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE" definitely closes on SATURDAY, JULY 22. There remain, therefore, only a very few days in which those of our readers who are unfortunate enough not to have seen these now world-famous gems of humour from the actual Front, can visit "The Graphic" Gallery, 190, Strand, where the pictures are on view

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Statements of returned Prisoners, backed by Official Reports, leave no doubt that the British Prisoners are being deliberately starved by the authorities in the German Internment Camps.

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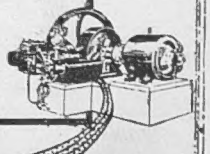

A Motor Note

Something for Nothing

RECENTLY I was dealing with the possibilities of benzole as an alternative to petrol for motor transport. Then I quoted authoritative opinions upon the prospect of our coal supply being equal to all our requirements. Since when we have the evidence of Mr. F. D. Marshall, past president of the Institute of Gas Engineers—evidence calculated to stagger by the roseate tone of its promise. Not only can we get our spirit from coal, but we can get 44,000 tons of coke for nothing out of an original 72,000 tons of coal, half of the coal being waste, and costing not more than 2s. per ton. The value of the motor spirit and other derivatives from these 72,000 tons of coal covers all costs of production. After that we "gasify" the coke again, and extract power gas equal to 75 million brake horse-power, in addition to a further quantity of sulphate of ammonia, the value of which again covers all costs of production of the power gas.

A Cheerful Prospect

So that, having got the 44,000 tons of coke for nothing, we proceed to get 75 million brake horse-power for nothing. The latter, taking the place of the water power upon which certain foreign industries are built up (and with which we cannot at present compete because we do not possess said water power), would enable us to build up the same industries in this country.

A CANADIAN MOTORIST
Mr. T. G. Breen, of Winnipeg, on his 16 h.p. Sunbeam

At the same time we eliminate the competition of these other foreign industries because, in addition to water power, they must have coal from us. We cut off this supply of coal to develop our own industry, and so cut out foreign competition from operating against such industry.

* * *

The Golden Lining

IN very brief summary that is the result of Mr. Marshall's examination of the situation, and if it is only half true there's a very silver lining to the motoring cloud, not to mention the golden lining which capitalists, exploiting the Marshall scheme, will put in their pockets. I shall nightly pray for the advent of the company that will be incorporated to work this miracle. If it springs out of these notes and realises half the promise of the scheme, I shall also pray for a seat on the board. Any capitalist with a minor modicum of commercial courage is invited to get his teeth and nails into this proposition and to tell me the result.

ALEX J. M. GRAY

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